THE PHILADELPHIA MINERVA

—UTILE DULCI.—

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MARCUS AND MONIMIA.

A TRUE STORY.

MONIMIA was nobly born; her grandfather was nearly related to the house of Bourbon, and her father President of the parliament of Nismes. The former in his dying moments, tenacious of his hereditary distinctions, delivered to his son, to be forever remembered, these his last words: "I transmit to you, my son, the honour and dignity of my family, as I received them, pure and unsullied; guard them whilst you live, and in your dying moments, as you have received, so transmit them to your posterity." The bequest was lodged in the heart of his successor, and the solemn mandates, like the Persian memento, was daily reiterated.—Proud, haughty, and imperious, distant from his superiors, and not tolerating equals, he reigned despot of his little circle. Nobility was the only true, the only virtue; and to be born beneath it was an hereditary stain; a crime of so deep a die, as to be visited from the father upon the children. One son, highly distinguished in the annals of military fame, and the charming Monimia, were the fruits of a marriage with the countesse de——, whose life remains recorded, and her virtues blessed, not by the unmeaning tongues of monks in purchased masses, or of artful eloquence, wound up like mechanism by the annual stipend: nor are they delineated on the pedestal of the stately monument;—the laborious poor, the deserted orphan, helpless age and afflicted widows, remain the heralds of her virtues: and whilst each sobs his simple tale, how industry was encouraged, how affliction soothed, and how age supported, the heart shews the recorded letters and bleeds at the fresh recital. Monimia, the beautiful Monimia, was such; and now, like the full budding rose, diffusing its congenial odours, "lovely and charming to the eye," appears the pride, the admiration, of all—nor less so was Marcus. Gifted by nature with the most valuable endowments, which were embellished by an excellent education, he seemed formed but for Monimia. Like her, he studied virtue, and like her, he was esteemed the model of it. The father of Marcus was an old soldier; who, worn out with the fatigues of duty, had retired to his little villa, there to dedicate the short remainder of his days to humanity and religion. The croix de St. Louis was his only given honor; a scanty pension his only subsistence.—Marcus was his only child, his pride, his support; and whom peace had now restored to the arms of his aged father. Discharged from military glory, he now indulged his natural propensity in that scene where the charming Monimia was so highly distinguished. Oft had he here vied with her in the virtuous exploit, and oft had he anticipated the pleasure of doing good. In love each of them with virtue, they could not but be enamoured of its agents; and oft had they extold what pensive eye in its hieroglyphics the modest tongue was as yet afraid to utter. Already had the village tattle anticipated the nuptial vow, and already had the little infant learned to lisp the names of Marcus and Monimia. But the haughty president had far other views; his titles, his honors and the dignity of his family, were his chief, his only care. To support these, let nature no longer be regarded, let paternal affection cease, and let an amiable, a virtuous child be abandoned and deserted.—Whilst pride, however, forbad him to leave her in a station inferior to her birth, his meanness would not permit him to retract from his own dignity to add to her's. A neighbouring convent conveniently offered itself to reconcile these jarring interests; and the world was thus to be deprived of one of its greatest ornaments. The convent was of the order of St. Francis, sad, gloomy, rigid and austere, "melancholy marked it for its own." Far different from these were the principles instilled into the mind of Monimia; she had been taught to regard religion but as the source of happiness and contentment; that morality included the chief of its laws; and that the world was the place destined by her maker for the exercise of it; that to retire, and avoid the trial of it, was a species of suicide, that marked the coward afraid of the trifling ill the world could do him. "This (cried she) has many objects scattered here and there to employ the religious votary; and I am sure the small mite which I bestow on charity, gains more favour with Heaven than a thousand reiterated stripes, or years of fasting; and that the future punishment of a crime, 'tis not the self-inflicted stripe which can mitigate, but the attribute of mercy to acquit."

Whilst such were the sentiments of Monimia, no wonder she endeavoured to avoid her impending doom; but her father remained inflexible. He begged, he admonished, he reasoned, he urged and commanded. Monimia, knowing his disposition, and the dreadful consequence, should he have the smallest suspicion of her attachment to Marcus, reluctantly complied; and the day, the fatal day, the burial of Monimia was fixed. And now the efforts which timid bashfulness had hitherto withheld, were no longer concealed; Marcus and Monimia now mutually exchanged their long withholden tale.—Much had he to say: a thousand chimeras, a thousand romantic projects filled his laboring breast, the more he wished to tell them the less was he able, and the moment of utterance was that of separation. "Fail not, says Monimia, fail not, as you regard my affection and esteem, to be present at the ceremony. From the moment in which I appear in all the pride and ornaments of the world, to that of my interment, I entreat, I conjure you to grant me this, my last request." Marcus swore to obey, and afterwards, like a true Petrarch, to follow the example of his Laura,—Monimia having obtained her request, tore herself away. Marcus remained motionless, till his weary eyes, no longer able to pursue the object of their delight dissolved in tears. "Miserable, unhappy wretch (exclaims he) thou art now deprived of the sole blessing the world had to bestow upon thee! Yes, there are mortals pre-destined to be unhappy, and I am one of those wretched victims whose lot is misery.—Your father, say you, Monimia, was it he who instigated you to take the religious vow! who compelled you to commit this act of suicide! Unnatural wretch! Surely he deserves not such a name. He is not to be called a father who can sacrifice his child to avarice and pride—nor is it religion to take a vow which God and nature forbid.—O happy country! where an hereditary obligation binds the father to provide for his child, and where such passions find no resource to break the natural tie.—O Monimia! whither art thou going! Within those walls which lie the deceitful monk, that guileful serpent, who under an affirmed form will betray thine unwary innocence; will talk to thee of religion; whilst he is leading thee to vice; will tell thee, thy virtue is too rich an ornament to retain; and when thou hast given it him will say, thou hast committed an act of grace in parting with it. Cursed tyrant! whence dost thou derive such dominion! or who gave thee that arbitrary right of pronouncing judgment on thine own crimes! Surely a threefold punishment awaits him, who assumes to be the minister of God, to tempt one to rebel against him.—O Galen! Galen! e'en thy virtue, when in a desart, seduced from the eye of the world, could not resist the temptation of vice: hadst thou been there, thy mind, taken up and employed in the exercise of virtue, its predominant passion, had ne'er thought of vice; but solitude produced the gap, and whilst the one was inactive, the other crept in and usurped its dominion.—O Monimia! stay, for Heaven's sake."—The curfew tolled its solemn knell.—Marcus started as one awakened from a frightful dream; he stood fixed and motionless, till recollecting Monimia's last request, he hurried to the fatal spot. Scarce had he arrived ere Monimia entered the chapel, encircled with a numerous convoy of relations, and bedecked in all the elegance and splendor which art and nature could bestow.—The religieux of the order were arranged on each side of the altar; who, as soon as Monimia entered the chapel, began their pious hymn; and in melodious strains sung the folly and misery of the world, and the happiness and tranquillity of the life of the religious. On the right of the altar was the bishop of the province, to whom, the head of the order, the hymn being finished, presented

Monimia. The firſt queſtion was then demanded —"Doſt thou thoroughly deſpiſe and hate the folly and vanity of the world, and canſt thou dedicate the remainder of thy life to God and religion?"—Monimia having given the affirmative, was conducted from the chapel into the convent, to be ſtript of all her pompous ornaments, and to prepare to make the laſt, the fatal vow.—The little bell gave the tinckling ſignal; and in an inſtant re-entered the abbeſs with the reſt of the order, bearing the coffin of Monimia, and chanting her ſolemn dirge. Monimia followed, now dreſſed in the habit of a religieuſe; her beauteous long training locks cut off, and a veil concealing her charming countenance.—Once more ſhe was conducted to the biſhop, in the midſt of the whole order and her numerous relations, to make the laſt, the binding vow. A ſolemn ſilence now enſued.—Monimia looked around, and eſpied her Marcus, his eyes fixed upon her, and petrified to the ſpot, "I accept him (ſhe cried) for my huſband, and her make my ſolemn vow to be eternally his."—The reverend prelate, indignant as he was, was obliged to ratify it when thus made, and to join the hands of Marcus and Monimia.

This ſo enraged the father of Monimia that he inſtantly forbade her his houſe, and left her to ſeek an aſylum where ſhe could find it; which ſhe readily found in the peaceful manſion of Marcus's father, where ſhe and the virtuous Marcus reſided ſeveral years, enjoying all the happineſs that a mutual and unexampled affection could inſpire.—'till Monimia's father (tho' unworthy the name) being ſeized with a fever, and conceiving his diſſolution faſt approaching, was ſenſibly affected with the idea of having thus cruelly treated a child, for no other crime than ſeeking her own happineſs, ſent for her and Marcus to his houſe, when, in the moſt ſincere and humble manner, implored their forgiveneſs —adopted them his only heirs—and left the world in peace, conſcious of having done one virtuous action. Marcus and Monimia now remain the perfect models of virtue and happineſs, and the once oppreſſed peaſants bleſs the happy day that joined the hands of Marcus and Monimia.

THE CRIMINAL.

(Concluded from our laſt.)

A LAUNCH INTO ETERNITY.

—FIRST marched forth thoſe that guarded the law from violation; then followed the culprit bound in a cart, attended by a clergyman, who was uſing his pious endeavours to ſmooth the paſſage into another world. They reached the tree. The ladder was placed, and after a few minutes ſpent in the ſolemn duties of religion, he aſcended it. With the conſciouſneſs of a heart in which every virtue glowed, and with a fortitude which the virtuous only poſſeſs, he calmly ſurveyed the ſurrounding multitude, and ſignified his wiſh to be heard: they eagerly lent their attention, while he painted to them the cauſe of his diſgrace, and the miſery of his family which had led him to the act. He ſaid he could not endure the idea of ſeeing them periſh before his eyes; and when their diſtreſs was at the higheſt pitch, and when he could get no help from thoſe who would have befriended him with all they were worth when he needed it *not*; he had ſallied forth on the highway, determined to alleviate their diſtreſſes —but his intentions were not to ſhed blood.—driven to deſperation by experiencing a refuſal, (when on his knees he ſolicited the boon) he had done the deed.——

The people were all attention, and when he ended, their ſtreaming eyes ſpoke the ſentiments of their hearts.

The moments were precious. The cord was faſtened to the wood, and after a few moments ſpent in devotion, the curtain of life dropped.

Scarcely was the ſolemn ſcene cloſed, when a murmur was heard among the croud, and ſhortly after a female ruſhed to the ſpot. It was his wife. Heavens! what a ſhock for her delicate frame! She had but juſt recovered from an illneſs ſhe had fallen into when they had dragged her huſband from her arms. She ſaw him now when life ſat quivering at his lips, and then in uniſon their ſpirits aſcended to the bright world of bliſs.

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——What ſubſtantial benefit, what real advantage do ye derive from dooming to death one that has perpetrated the dreadful crime of murder? Does his death reſtore to life the perſon murdered? Does it allay the grief of the diſtreſſed family?——No ——What then is it that makes you give your tacit conſent to a meaſure which is hoſtile to every principle of equity —derogatory to every principle of humanity? Is it becauſe this ſevere law was firſt given in thunderings, from Mount Sinia, to a people, who while beholding with their eyes the glory of the Deity, yet worſhipped the work of their own hands? Throw aſide prejudice, and that felleſt tyranny, CUSTOM, until then you will never view things in their proper ſphere.

Would not ſolitary impriſonment in a lonely cell, far excluded from every pitying eye, for a term of years, be more juſt? He might be compelled to labor, and his earnings go to maintain the family which through his means has loſt its ſupport. Thus they who have ſuffered by his miſconduct might reap ſome advantage: whereas, by taking his life they muſt be left to pine in want and wretchedneſs. If after continuing in this ſtate for ſome years, it be diſcovered that a thorough change is wrought, and the offender has become a reaſonable creature, then let him be diſcharged—the debt is fully paid. But ſhould he after this again imbrue his hands in the blood of his fellow men, then let rigorous impriſonment for life be the penalty —he is no longer fit to aſſociate with human beings.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA MINERVA.

ADDRESSED TO MISS L—— B——.

O BORN to ſoothe diſtreſs to lighten care,
Lively as ſoft, and innocent as fair,
Bleſt with that ſweet ſimplicity of thought
So rarely to be found, and never to be taught;
Of winning ſpeech, endearing artleſs kind,
The loveliеſt pattern of the female mind,
Like ſome fair ſpirit from the realm of reſt,
With all her native Heaven within her breaſt;
So pure, ſo good, ſhe ſcarce can gueſs at ſin,
But thinks the world without like that within:
Wealth may be courted, wiſdom be rever'd,
Beauty prais'd, and brutal ſtrength be fear'd,
But goodneſs only can affection move,
And Love muſt owe its origin to Love.

DAMON.

AN INTERESTING HISTORY OF THE BARON DE LOVZINSKI.

(Concluded.)

PULASKI, conſumed with a black melancholy, expoſes his life like a man to whom life had become inſupportable, is always to be found at the moſt dangerous poſts, and towards the end of the fourth campaign, is mortally wounded by my ſide. Being carried to his tent, I inſtantly repair thither to conſole him.

"I find my end approaches," ſays he, addreſſing himſelf to me. "Ah! it is but too true, that I ſhall never ſee my native country again!

"Cruel, fantaſtical deſtiny! Pulaſki falls a martyr to American liberty, and the Poles ſtill continue ſlaves!

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My friend, my death would be indeed horrible, if a ray of hope did not remain to cheer me! Ah! I hope I do not deceive myſelf——No, I am not miſtaken," adds he in a firmer accent.

"A conſoling Deity diſcloſes in my laſt thoughts a futurity, a happier futurity which approaches!

"I behold one of the firſt nations in the world awakening from a long and deep ſlumber, and re-demanding of its proud oppreſſors its violated honours, and its ancient rights; its ſacred, impreſcriptible rights, the rights of humanity.

"I behold in an immenſe capital, long diſhonoured by every ſpecies of ſervility, a crowd of ſoldiers diſcovering themſelves to be citizens, and millions of citizens becoming ſoldiers.

"Beneath their redoubled blows, the Baſtille ſhall be overturned; the ſignal is already given from one extremity of the empire to another;—the reign of tyrants is no more!

"A neighbouring people, ſometimes an enemy, but always generous, always worthy of deciding upon great actions, ſhall applaud thoſe unexpected efforts, crowned with ſuch a ſpeedy ſucceſs!

"Ah, may a reciprocal eſteem commence, and ſtrengthen between theſe two nations an unalterable friendſhip! May that horrible ſcience of trick, impoſture, and treaſon, which courts denominate *politics*, hold out no obſtacle to prevent this fraternal re-union!

"Noble rivals, in talents and philoſophy, Frenchmen! Engliſhmen! ſuſpend at length, and ſuſpend for ever, thoſe bloody diſcords, the fury of which has but too often extended over the two hemiſpheres;—no longer decide between you the empire of the univerſe, but by the force of your example, and the aſcendency of your genius. Inſtead of the cruel advantage of affrighting and ſubduing the nations around you, diſpute between yourſelves the more ſolid glory of enlightening their ignorance, and breaking their chains.

"Approach," adds Pulaſki, "behold at a little diſtance, from, and in the midſt of the carnage that ſurrounds us, among ſuch a crowd of famous warriors, a warrior celebrated even in the midſt of them, by his maſculine courage, his early talents, and his virtues truly republican. He is the heir of a name long illuſtrious, but he had no occaſion for the glory of his anceſtors, to render himſelf celebrated.

"It is young FAYETTE, already an honour to France, and a ſcourge to tyrants: but he has ſcarce begun his immortal labours!

"Envy his fate, Lovzinski; endeavour to imitate his virtues, and follow as near as poſſible the ſteps of ſo great a man. He, the worthy pupil of a Waſhington, ſhall ſoon be the Waſhington of his own country. It is almoſt at the ſame time, my friend, it is at that memorable epoch of the regeneration of nations, that the eternal juſtice ſhall alſo preſent to our fellow-citizens, the days of vengeance and of liberty.

"Then Lovzinſki, in whatever place thou mayeſt be, let thy hate re-kindle! Again combat gloriouſly on the ſide of Poland.

"Let the remembrance of your injuries, and of our ſucceſſes, call forth thy courage! May thy ſword, ſo many times empurpled with the blood of our enemies, be ſtill turned againſt thoſe oppreſſors. May they tremble while thinking on thy exploits! May they tremble in recalling the name of Pulaſki!

"They have raviſhed from us our property; they have aſſaſſinated thy wife; they have robbed thee of thy daughter; they have diſhonoured my memory!

"The barbarians! They have diſmembered our provinces! Lovzinſki, theſe are injuries which you ought never to forget.

"When our perſecutors are thoſe a ſo of our country, vengeance becomes at once ſacred and indiſpenſible.

"You owe to the Ruſſians an eternal hatred! You owe to Poland the laſt drop of your blood!"

Saying this he expires.*

Death, in ſnatching him from me, bereaved me of my laſt conſolation.

I fought for the United States of America, until the happy peace which enſured their independence. M. de ——, who had ſerved along with me, and who was attached to the corps commanded by the Marquis de la Fayette.—M. de C—— gave me letters of recommendation, to his friends in Paris, and this capital I have choſen for my retreat in the meridian of life, from the buſtle of politics, and the clangor of arms.

Having informed my ſiſters of the place of my reſidence, they collected the ſmall remains of my fortune, formerly immenſe, and haſtened to ſolace me after the diſtreſſing ſcenes I had unfortunatly witneſſed.

* * * * * *

The affecting hiſtory of the Baron Lovzinſki, which he relates to a friend, breaks off, without giving any account of Dorliſka, his darling daughter, whom the Ruſſians carried off, in one of their engagements with Pulaſki. It appears, from more recent accounts, given by an acquaintance of the Baron's, that ſhe fell into the hands of Count Gorlitz, a German nobleman, who placed her in a ſuitable ſeminary, and was be accident reſtored to her father, and united to a branch of a very diſtinguiſhed family.

* *Pulaſki was killed at the ſiege of Savannah, in 1779.*

A SCRAP.

THE fidelity of moſt men is one of the arts of ſelf-love, to procure confidence. It is the means to raiſe us above others, by making us the depoſitaries of momentous concerns.

ANECDOTE.

A worthy clergyman belonging to a pariſh in New-England, had the misfortune to have a ſon of a ſlighty and wild diſpoſition; although many were the pious admonitions of the virtuous father to bring his ſon's reni ſuels into ſubordination with his own, he had to lament that his injunctions and aſſiduous endeavours were fruitleſs, and far from being productive of the deſired end.—His ſon's heart was ſo averſe to ſolemnity, that he could not contain himſelf at the time of worſhip, and he was often ſo overſtocked with frivolity and his miſchievous humour, that his father often noticed it, while preaching, with much regret—and concluded upon harſher means than he had before uſed to bring his ſon to better ſubjection.—The next ſabbath he confined him to his houſe, and proceeded to church with the reſt of his family, conſiſting of his wife, two daughters, and his old negro *Tony*: the ſervice being nearly half performed, and the paſtor ſpeaking with much fervency to his crouded audience, his voice was at all once drowned by a ſudden and tremendous burſt of laughter, from all parts of the church, which confounded him.—This laughter was occaſioned by the ſudden entrance of his favourite old dog, who always placed himſelf next the pulpit door, in full view of the audience; he now appeared decorated in an old gown and wig, powdered and tied on with much taſte, which occaſioned ſuch loud peals of laughter, that he with difficulty obtained an explanation in ten or fifteen minutes. Old Toney, who ſeemed to be more in a ſtate of reſerve than any other, cried out from the gallery in great earneſtneſs—"Maſſa, Maſſa! ony you look at our Tray, den you ſee what make dem laff!"—The parſon opening the pulpit door, the old dog immediately aſcended to him, and was ſo profuſe with his careſſes, that the paſtor could ſcarcely diſmiſs his congregation.

THE ODD FAMILY.

IN the reign of King William the third, there lived at Ipſwich in Suffolk, a family, which from the number of peculiarities belonging to it, was diſtinguiſhed by the name of the *Odd family*.—Every event, remarkably good or bad, happened to this family in an odd year, or an odd day of the month——and every one of them had ſomething odd in his, or her perſon, manner or behaviour. The very letters of their Chriſtian names always happened to be of an odd number. The huſband's name was Peter, and the wife's Rahab; they had ſeven children, all boys, viz. Solomon, Roger, James, Matthew, Jonas, David, and Ezekiel. The huſband had but one leg, and his wife but one arm. Solomon was born blind of his left eye, and Roger loſt his right eye by accident, James had his left ear pulled off by a boy in a quarrel, and Matthew was born with only three fingers on his right hand. Jonas had a ſtump foot, and David was hump-backed: all theſe, except David were remarkably ſhort, and Ezekiel was ſix feet two inches high at the age of nineteen. The ſtump-footed Jonas, and the hump-backed David got wives of fortune, but no girl would liſten to the addreſſes of the reſt. The huſband's hair was black as jet, and the wife's as remarkably white, yet every one of the children were red hair'd. The huſband had the peculiar misfortune of falling into a deep ſaw-pit, where he was ſtarved to death in the year 1701, and the wife refuſing all kind of ſuſtenance, died in five days after him. In the year 1703, Ezekiel enliſted as a granadier, and although he was afterwards wounded in twenty-three places, he recovered. Roger, James, Matthew, Jonas and David, died at different places on the ſame day in the year 1712—and Solomon and Ezekiel were drowned together in croſſing the Thames in the year 1725.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA MINERVA.

Solution of the Enigmatical Liſt of Saturday laſt.

1 Miſs Irvin,
2 —— Aſhmead,
3 —— Thompſon,
4 —— Duſhield,
5 —— Eeckle,
6 —— Keeley,
7 —— Kiſſelman,
8 —— Wilſon.

THE ROSE——*A SONNET.*

ZEPHYR, enamour'd of the op'ning Roſe,
With many a wooing ſigh her beauty greets:
While, ſoftly mov'd, her bluſhing head ſhe bows,
And, coldly coy, reſigns her treaſur'd ſweets.

Lo! now half rais'd, again her face ſhe ſhows,
The ſportive ſpoiler's am'rous breath to meet:
And now the ſenſeleſs wand'rer tuder grows,
And lays her faded charms beneath our feet.

Ah! ſoft remembrance of certain fate,
Thus are thy beauties wafted o'er the wild;
And do my giddy mates, in life elate,
By pleaſure's gay enamel'd paths beguil'd,
Thus lonely leave me o'er thy with'ring bloom,
To drop the tear—and contemplate the tomb.

HYMENEAL COURT.

MARRIED,

—On Thurſday evening, the 8th inſt. by the Rev. Mr. Smith, JOHN GRAY, Eſq. to Miſs KITTY KUGLER, both of this city.

—On Thurſday evening, the 15th inſt. by the Rev. Dr. Uſtick, Mr. JOHN GREENSHIELDS, to Miſs ANNA BRINGHURST.

JAMES MOLAN,

SURGEON DENTIST AND MAN-MIDWIFE,

No. 7 Prune ſtreet, or Shippen's Alley,

AFTER viſiting the principal iſlands in the Weſt-Indies, where he executed his profeſſion, and was employed as a Surgeon both in the Engliſh and French Hoſpitals, has returned to Philadelphia. He cleans, ſcales, and makes artificial teeth; performs every operation in the human mouth, extracts teeth and ſtumps with peculiar eaſe.

N B The poor may have his aſſiſtance gratis.

Jan. 21.

*** SUBSCRIPTIONS for this Paper are thankfully received at the Office of the MINERVA, and No. 77, Cheſnut-ſtreet, (Price Two Dollars per Annum, payable quarterly.)

Court of Apollo.

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AN EVENING MEDITATION.

BY MISS CARTER.

WHILE night in solemn shade invest the pole,
And calm reflection soothe the pensive soul;
While reason, undisturbed asserts her sway,
And life's deceitful colours fade away:
To thee, All-conscious Presence! I devote,
This peaceful interval of sober thought:
Here all my better faculties confine,
And be this hour of sacred silence thine.

If, by the day's illusive scenes misled,
My erring soul from virtue's path has stray'd;
Snar'd by example, or by passion warm'd,
Some false delight my giddy sense has charm'd;
My calmer thoughts the wretched choice reprove,
And my best hopes are centred in thy love.
Depriv'd of this, can life one joy afford?
Its utmost boast a vain unmeaning word.

But ah! how oft my lawless passions rove,
And break those awful precepts I approve!
Pursue the fatal impulse I abhor,
And violate the virtue I adore!
Oft, when thy better Spirit's guardian care
Warn'd my fond soul to shun the tempting snare,
My stubborn will his gentle aid repress'd,
And check'd the rising goodness in my breast:
Mad with vain hopes, or urg'd by false desires,
Still'd his soft voice, and quench'd his sacred fires.

With grief oppress, and prostrate in the dust,
Should'st thou condemn, I own thy sentence just.
But, oh, thy softer titles let me claim,
And plead my cause by Mercy's gentle name.
Mercy! that wipes the penitential tear,
And dissipates the horrors of despair;
From righteous justice steals the vengeful hour,
Softens the dreadful attribute of pow'r,
Disarms the wrath of an offended God,
And seals my pardon in a Saviour's blood!

All-powerful grace, exert thy gentle sway,
And teach my rebel passions to obey;
Lest lurking Folly, with insidious art,
Regain my volatile inconstant heart!
Shall every high resolve Devotion frames
Be only lifeless sounds and specious names?
O, rather, while thy hopes and fears controul,
In this still hour, each motion of my soul,
Secure its safety by a sudden doom,
And be the soft retreat of sleep my tomb!
Calm let me slumber in that dark repose,
Till the last morn its orient beam disclose:
Then, when the great archangel's potent sound
Shall echo thro' creation's ample round,
Wak'd from the sleep of death, with joy survey
The op'ning splendors of eternal day!

—***—

EPIGRAM.

WHAT! always gaming, night and day!
Said Sylvia to her brother;
Will you ne'er leave it off, I pray?
Dear sister, yes—some time or other;
I'll throw the dice and cards aside,
When you coquetting cease.——
Go, naughty man, Sylvia reply'd,
Thou'll be a gamester all thy days.

THE POWER OF MUSIC;

OR,

The History of BELARIO and LUCETTA.

BELARIO was a youth who had been bred up under his father's eye, according to the most rigid morals. Old Syphax had, in the early part of his life, been a great dupe to the fair sex; he had fancied himself a *beau garcon*, and imagined he had a right to captivate every female he thought proper to address. In this opinion he was greatly mistaken, and meeting with a variety of coquettes and jilts, he found himself often deceived by his own artifice, and after having squandered considerable sums upon them, discovered he was only laughed at for his vanity and folly. He, however, pursued the career of a general lover for upwards of a dozen years; in the course of which time he had much injured his fortune, in dangling after beauties who despised him, and substituting in their place profelled harlots. At length he closed the circle of his amours in marrying, out of mere spight, his own cook-maid, by whom he had Belario.—His consort, though she had approved herself an excellent cook, turned out a dreadful wife. She no sooner attained the summit of her ambition, which she had long aimed at, and which she obtained by the most servile flattery, and the greatest humility imaginable, than she threw off the independant, and soon convinced Syphax, she knew the difference between a servile state and that of a mistress. In a word, she was the modern Zantippe, and probably Socrates never led half so wretched a life, as did poor Syphax, after the connubial knot was tied. He now took an aversion to the whole sex, swore eternal enmity to them, and made a solemn vow, after separating from his wife, soon after the expiration of the honey moon, never to associate or speak to a woman in the course of his future life. Upon the birth of his son he immediately sent for him, and would never let him know who was his mother.

As Belario advanced towards maturity, he had him educated under his own roof, having resolved that he should not be trained at a public school, lest, by associating with the world, he might imbibe their notions in favour of the female sex. He never suffered him to read any books that had the least allusion to the tender passion, and constantly represented women, whenever they were mentioned, as monsters in human forms, and more to be dreaded than wolves and tigers. In this opinion whenever Belario beheld a female at a distance, he fled from her with the greatest swiftness, fearful that even the air might be contaminated with her breath. Yet he thought that there was something enchanting in woman, which he could not account for; but if he hinted such a thought to his father, Syphax depicted them as Syrens, who allured unwary travellers to approach them for their destruction.

Tutored with these extraordinary notions, Belario had attained his eighteenth year, when Syphax paid the great debt of nature, and left his son in possession of an easy fortune. He began now to relax from the severity of those studies, to which he had been confined. He read novels, Ovid's Art of Love, and many other books, that soon made him suspect his father's doctrine had been fallacious. Belario had not, however, the fortitude to dare approach a female so nearly, as to enjoy the contemplation of her charms, or the enchanting raptures of her conversation; when one day walking in a pensive mood, in a grove adjacent to his abode, his ears were assailed with such harmonious accents as involuntary attracted not only his attention, but, by a secret impulse, led him to the spot where the seeming celestial notes proved to issue.

He had scarce reached the hawthorn of melody, before he perceived the lovely Lucetta singing, accompanied by her guittar. Now, in despight of all his father's tenets so earnestly inculcated, he found the impulse of nature, and the power of music, operate far beyond all the sophistry of Syphax's reasoning against the lovely sex.

He intuitively approached the beauteous maid, and instantly became a captive to her charms—a votary to love and harmony.

Lucetta at first received him with some reserve; but after a fervent declaration of his passion, which soon became sympathetic, she listened to his addresses; when he revealed to her how much he had been imposed upon by Syphax, who represented the most amiable part of the creation as monkers, more dangerous than serpents and crocodiles, and that in this opinion he had shunned them to this very hour; but that he now flattered himself he should make ample amends in paying his devotion to such an angelic being as the divine Lucetta.

This young lady was the only daughter of a gentleman of property in an adjacent village, whom Belario, with the approbation of Lucetta, waited upon to obtain his consent for their nuptials. Her father received the young man with politeness and hospitality, and told him he should have no objection to the match, if he could obtain his daughter's consent. Happy in such a reply, he flew to his adored Lucetta, and acquainted her with the glad tidings, which she received with as much transport as he communicated them.

To be brief, in a few days their nuptials were solemnized, and they have now enjoyed the most permanent felicity the connubial state can confer, for upwards of two years, in which time the lovely Lucetta has given to the world two pledges of their mutual fondness, in a delightful boy, and a still more beautiful girl. Here we shall leave them, to enjoy that unsullied happiness which ever attends the purest virtue, and the sincerest love.

—***—

ANECDOTE.

AT the opening of one of the courts of law in Massachusetts, lately, a clergyman was sent for to address the Deity. A gentleman present observed, that although this was ever the laudable practice, at the supreme judicial court, these courts had never, in his memory, opened with prayer. A sailor, who heard the last remark, observed to his messmate, "If so, Jack, I believe as how the ship is really in distress, since they pipe all hands, and now call the parson to his quarters."

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